A NEW

English Exercise Book.

CALCULATED

To render the Construction of

The ENGLISH TONGUE,

EASY and FAMILIAR,

Independent of any other Language.

LAID DOWN

After the Manner of CLARKE's EXAMPLES for the LATIN,

AND ADAPTED

To the Rules of *Fisher*'s Grammar.

By A. FISHER.

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BRITISH MUSEUM

PREFACE.

IT *was with great Diffidence, and after much Aſſiduity in ſtudying the Engliſh Language independently, that I firſt attempted to conſtitute a Syſtem of ſyntactical Rules peculiar to the Genius of the Language, with Exerciſes of bad Engliſh.* (*See* Fiſher's Grammar.) *The general Approbation and kind Reception of which, very far exceeded my moſt ſanguine Expectations: And though I thought the Examples contained in the ſaid Grammar had been ſufficient to have confirmed a Scholar in the Conſtruction and Connection of the Engliſh Language, with the Additions Schoolmaſters might write out themſelves, under ſuch Rules as they found the Scholars moſt deficient in: Yet I now find that thoſe Maſters who are beſt qualified to teach, have not Leiſure to produce ſuch neceſſary Additions; while the frequent Repetitions of the ſame Exerciſes in a full School, render them, in Time, familiar to the Scholar, independent of any Rules at all.*

I have therefore added the following Exerciſes, varied into ſuch Errors as are leaſt apparent to an inattentive Reader: Such as are moſt common in Converſation; conſequently moſt liable to be carried into Writing. And the better to elucidate Tranſpoſition, I have given a Chapter of Sentences tranſpoſed from the general Order of the Language, (*ſee p.* 5) *for the Scholar to adjuſt and compoſe, as directed in the ſaid Grammar,* (*p.* 115, 116, 117.)

I have not quoted the Authors from whom these Exercises are taken; unwilling to make any one liable to Errors of my own introducing, or to furnish the artful Scholar with Means of finding out and copying them from Books.

Particular Care has likewise been taken in selecting good, moral, and instructive Sentences; which attentively canvassed by grammatical Construction, become thereby more forcibly impress'd on the Mind than a hundred transient Readings could impress them; consequently must be particularly conducive to the Principling of young Minds.

No additional Praxis of bad Spelling will be necessary to these who have learned English in the Method of the New English Tutor; *which, properly taught, must necessarily confirm a Scholar in Reading and Spelling: But I have misapplied the Capitals, as Exercises under the Grammar Rules, (see p. 143.) And though I thought the Praxis for Government (Gram. p. 103, the first of the Kind laid down for the Construction of the English Language) had been sufficient for a Language without Variations in the Endings of its Names, or Cases, excepting the Nominative Word and the Genitive Case, yet I am happy to find that a succeeding Author has made Improvements upon it, by governing Names, in other Positions, on the Prepositions respectively annexed, or as following a Verb; but I should not think it* adviseable *to call such Names by any Case our Language is exempt from; the Prepositions expressing their own Signification; in the Latins expressed in the different Terminations of Names. This* Advice *will probably be laughed at by those who define our Language by the Construction of the* Latin, *which however will give me no Concern; for never having solicited*

cited the Approbation of the Learned, I have laboured only to render myself intelligible and useful to the mere Engliſh Scholar; who muſt learn this practical Grammar before he can poſſibly comprehend any other Engliſh Grammar more peculiarly adapted to the Scholar, the Critic, or the Orator.

Whether Mr. Ward's *Practical Grammar, (as it is entitled) printed for* C. Etherington, *of* York, *can properly be included in this Claſs, I leave the Public to judge on peruſing the Book; from which the following ſhort Abſtracts are fairly quoted; and will not be thought tedious, being very curious and entertaining.— This Author introduces his boaſted Exerciſes of falſe Engliſh by the following ſhort Preface.*

"I have obſerved in the Preface, that Examples of this Kind are not quite proper for Learners who are very young; but that they may be of Service to thoſe more advanced in Years, who have contracted Habits from Cuſtom of writing or ſpeaking ungrammatically; I have therefore added a few Examples for the Uſe of ſuch Perſons. The Examples are chiefly taken from the Scriptures and the firſt Papers of the Spectator. All the Places are quoted, that the Learner may turn to each, if he does not ſee where the Miſtake lies, or cannot rectify it by the Rule."---*Mark the Purport of the above.*

In the Section which he entitles "Faults againſt the Rules at Pages 24 and 25, concerning the Formation of Subſtantives," *he begins with the following Sentences, viz.*

"He behaved himſelf with great Gallantry at ſeveral Siegss.—Excepting in the public Exerciss of the College, I ſcarce uttered a hundred Words."

And Page 187, *under the Title of* "Faults in the Formation of the third Perſon ſingular of the preſent

ſent Tenſe of the Indicative Mood, contrary to Obſervations at Page 72 and 73," *he has the following* moodiſh *Jargon, viz.*

"I haveobſerved, that a Reader ſeldom peruss a Book with Pleaſure 'till he knows, *&c.*——She pitys all the valuable Part of her own Sex, *&c.*"

I am apprehenſive the Grammarian is much to be pityd *for his Misfortune of ſubſtituting orthographical Errors, or falſe Spelling, for etymological Examples; as well as for introducing Errors which have no Exiſtence in the Engliſh Pronunciation; conſequently could not be committed in the moſt corrupt Engliſh Dialect.*

In the ſame Page under the Title of "Faults in the Order of placing Words," *he has the following Jumble.*

"Have obſerved I that a Book ſeldom peruſes a Reader with Pleaſure, 'till knows he whether of it the Writer be a black or fair Man."

Now, though a Latin Scholar muſt know what Mr Ward *has taken his Cue from here, a mere Engliſh* one *entirely ignorant of it, would as ſoon ſelect the Words in the foregoing Sentence into any other Senſe they will admit of, as into that which* Addiſon *expreſſes by them. He diſtorts the ſame Sentence, Page* 191, *into the following Nonſenſe.*

"I have obſerved that a Reader ſeldom peruſes a Book FROM Pleaſure, 'till he knows whether the Author WITH it be a black or fair Man, BY a mild OR choleric, *&c.*"

The ſame Page, under "Faults againſt Rule 24th," *he adds,* "The firſt of our Society is a Gentleman, OF a Baronet, his Name TO Sir *Roger de Coverly.—Addiſon.*"

Good

Good Heavens! could any one intend to honour the immortal Addiſon *by fathering ſuch Stuff upon him! Now as every Native of* England *muſt neceſſarily underſtand the Signification of his own Dialect, be it ever ſo corrupt, he would naturally as ſoon ſubſtitute a Lion for a Lamb, or a Cow for a Dog, as* FROM *for* WITH, BY *for* OF, *&c. or any other Word or Particle of one Senſe, for thoſe of the Reverſe; conſequently theſe Examples, and indeed all others I have met with in his Book, would come more properly under the Denomination of Errors* introduced, *than Errors to be corrected; conſiſting of ſuch as Cuſtom never countenanced, or ever had any Exiſtence out of his Grammar: The following Sentence excepted, entitled,* "Faults againſt the Regimen of Caſes, Page 190," *viz.*

"They would draw I out of that Obſcurity, which me have enjoyed for many Years, and expoſe I in public Places to many Salutes and Civilities."

This Kind of Tranſgreſſion may poſſibly be chargeable upon Dame Cuſtom, but is in Cuſtom with Nurſes and Children only; the latter of whom are generally aſhamed of it ere they reach their third Year,—long before Mr Ward's *Tuition or mine commences.*

I have only to add, by Way of Apology to the Public, whoſe good Opinion I have ever been ſolicitous to cultivate, that ever having deteſted the unfair, and contemptible Means of recommending my own Productions at the Expence of others on the Subject, I never ſubſtituted a Paragraph without acknowledging it, or ever before quoted an Author to his Diſadantage: Conſequently ſhould not have done Mr Ward *this particular Honour, but in Return for a very extraordinary Perſonal*

ſonal Compliment paid me in his Name about a Year ago, in the Newcaſtle *and* York *Newſpapers, from the profeſſed and notable Policy of eſtabliſhing his Grammar on the intended Ruins of mine: I did not, however, think it worth while to make any Reply at the Time, (confident it was not in his, or his Bookſeller's Power to hurt a Book which had long, very long been honoured and eſtabliſhed by the public Sanction) but could not omit it now, leſt my Silence ſhould be conſidered, by thoſe who could not judge for themſelves, as a tacit Acknowledgement of the ill-bred and unjuſt Charge brought againſt me.*

This little Performance, like all former Attempts to ſerve the riſing Generation, is humbly ſubmitted to the Conſideration of the impartial Public; the only Reviewers *whoſe Approbation is ſolicited by*

NEWCASTLE,
Sept. 22, 1770.

A. FISHER.

An

An Engliſh Exerciſe Book,

Adapted to the Rules of Fiſher's Grammar.

A CHAPTER OF TRANSPOSITION.

BY whom has not the Wealthineſs of rich *Cræſus* been heard of?*

It is not perceived by one who lives in Eaſe and Affluence, when old Age creeps upon him.†

Glory has been gotten by many Men by ingenious Arts.

I had rather be approved by one good Man, than by many bad.

To People that are ſailing, thoſe Things that ſtand ſeem to move.

He that has determined a Diſpute, one Side being unheard, tho' he has determined it right, has not been juſt.

The Gate is ſhut too late, and in vain, after the Horſe is already ſtolen.

Such a one as the Learned call a wiſe Man, we have heard of none in all the reſt of *Greece*, at *Athens* but of one.

A No-

* *Who has not heard of the Wealthineſs of rich* Cræſus?

† *One who lives in Eaſe and Affluence does not perceive when old Age comes upon him.*

In this Manner the Scholar may adjuſt the tranſpoſed Sentences of this Chapter, as Exerciſes for the Order of the Language. (*See Gram. Page* 115.)

Nothing can be well done by an angry Perſon. *

To know ourſelves is the firſt Step to Wiſdom; which, as it is the hardeſt Thing of all, ſo it is the moſt uſeful.

Than to injure a Friend who has particularly ſerved us, what greater Ingratitude can there be?

To take uncertain Things for certain, what is more fooliſh?

Not only the Mind, but the Body alſo is diſcompoſed by Paſſion.

In the Converſation of the Good, the Good delight.

I ſhall call upon you To-morrow, ſooner I cannot come.

With the greateſt Aſſiduity, Care, and Tenderneſs have I educated my Son.

By the leaſt Excellence of the Mind all the good Things of the Body are excelled.

Before public Employments, many Men have preferred private Virtue.

How much the Nature of Man excels Beaſts, always remember.

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* An angry Perſon can do Nothing well.

Thus it is not always neceſſary for the Scholar to make Uſe of all the Words, or the ſame Words of a tranſpoſed Sentence, in adjuſting it; but to expreſs the ſame Senſe in the cleareſt Manner, and feweſt Words poſſible. I have experienced this Species of Exerciſe to be very conducive to a Clearneſs of Stile, as well as the beſt Method of facilitating the Conſtruction of intangled or tranſpoſed Diction.

EXAMPLES OF FALSE SYNTAX.

THE Pleaſure of *Doing good to our worthy Fellow creatures, which ſtand in Need of our relief, is of Itſelf a Sufficient reward for our Beneficence, was †their to be no other renumeration.

An acquaintance with the Muſes in the Education of youth, Contribute not a Little to ſoften the manners. They give a Delicate turn to the Imagination, and a kind of poliſh to the mind in More ſeverer ſtudies.

Clumſy wits Borrows the wit they relate: Their wickedneſs only is what They may call their own.

Tho' a cenſure Lies againſt thoſe which are poor and Proud, yet is Pride ſooner to be Forgiven in a Poor perſon than in a rich One: ſince in the latter it is Inſult and arrogance; in the Former it may be a defence againſt Temptations to dihoneſty; and, if manifeſted on proper Occaſions, indicates a Natural bravery of Mind, Whom the frowns of Fortune cannot Depreſs. But ſome has no Notion of Pride ſeparate from arrogance and imperiouſneſs;

* *As Nothing more attaches a young Writer to the Connection of what he writes than uſing him to begin Names, &c. with capital Letters, I have frequently miſapplied the Capital Letters, as Exerciſes for the Uſe of them in theſe Proſe Examples.*

† *In theſe Sentences the Relaive* their *is often uſed for the Adverb* there; *and* thee, *a relative Name, with* the, *an Article: Alſo the comparative Adverb* than, *and the Adverb of Time,* then, *are often confounded.*

while Others knows no difference Between Humility and meanneſs.

The honeſt, Induſtrious poor, which ſickneſs, Lameneſs, or Unforeſeen accidents has reduced, ought to be the Principal objects of our charity.

Perſons inured to afflictions, and Which has Lived in Conſtant hope of a more better Life, and has no Flagrant vices to reproach Theirſelves with, are the moſt Fitteſt comforters to Friends in Diſtreſs.

In every Human Breaſt ſome one paſſion Generally break through principle, and Controuls us all.

Great ſentiments, uttered with Dignity, by a Good perſon, gives, as it were, a Viſibility to the Soul.

The moſt Greateſt plagues People of Condition meets with, proceeds from the Servants they take with a View to leſſen their cares.

Pride and conceit Makes a perſon Contemptible in the eye of Every one, the good opinion of which is worth cultivating.

prudent Parents in recommending a Wife to Their ſons, will Have a particular regard to thoſe which have had a principal Hand in the Young woman education, as well as to her General eharacter.

There are a Kind of magnetiſm in Goodneſs.

Bad People indeed Finds out bad People to aſſociate with, but is Bound together by a Rope of ſand.

A woman of virtue, of good Underſtanding, of family, ſkilled in, and Delighting to do the Duties of the Domeſtic life, need not Fortune to recommend her to the Choice of the Greateſt and moſt richeſt Man which wiſhes his Own Happineſs.

Tears

Tears, when time has Matured a pungent grief into a ſweet melancholy, is not Hurtful; but is as the Dew of the morning to the Green herbage.

In the Domeſtic or private Life, more than in All the buſtle and Parade that can be made, Lie the true, becauſe untumultuous Happineſs.

who ſhall an innocent and Injured man fear?

Triſles inſiſted upon Makes frequently the moſt wideſt Breaches.

Children very ſeldom Owe thanks to the fancies of thoſe Mothers which has given Them a Rake for their Fathers.

Ungenerous perſons Detected in meanneſs hardly Knows how to forgive the Man to whoſe forgiveneſs they are Obliged.

the labour of Poets delivers all things from Fate, and Give eternity to Mortal nations.

Naughty Folly is no longer imputed to the man to which fortune gives an Eſtate.

He is miſerable who loves not any One, and who nobody Loves.

Nothing is better than friendſhip, Virtue being Excepted.

There is no One lives at this Day which Diſputes that it is not neceſſary to die.

Cicero and *cato* was wiſe and Learned; they were men who *Rome* and all the world Admired.

Not to know what happened before thou was a child, is to be always a Child.

happy is he Who other men's Harms teaches to be wary.

I read *Virgil*, in Compariſon of whom the Reſt of the Authors delights me not.

Thou will find a Good wife, if thou ſeeks for Nothing but a good Wife.

They are Free from fears who has done nothing Amiſs; but they which have ſinned always Thinks puniſhment to be before their Eyes.

According to what I have ſeen of *John*'s writing, your ſon Writes infinitely better then him.

If thou has plenty Enough to give, be bountiful towards them* which are in want.

Some of the Vanes points one way, ſome another.

I was yeſterday walking alone in one of My friend's woods, and Loſt myſelf in them very agreeably.

Her and me was forced to part.

We ſhould never deſpiſe People for want of Natural Parts, but for their making a wrong Uſe of Them; thus if a Man walk lame he is to be pitied, if he Dances lame he is to be Laughed at.

Bigots of all kinds, whether profeſſors of the chriſtian, jewiſh, or mahometan religions, Differs in nothing but thee name; for tho' at firſt ſetting out they ſeem to Take quite different ways, Yet like travellers in a Circle, Notwithſtanding they ſet forward back to back, they ſoon Meet, and joins in the Oppoſite parts of the circle.

Know, that it is not abundance which make Rich, but œconomy.

It

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* *In theſe Exerciſes,* them, *the following State of the relative Name* they, *is confounded with the Qualities* thoſe *and* theſe. *It ſhould be,* "*be bountiful to thoſe who are in Want,*" (*meaning* thoſe People; them People *would be Nonſenſe.* Them *and* thoſe, *in this Poſition, viz. when the Name is underſtood, are often confounded by young Writers*

It is uſual in *Turkey*, by Way of reproach, to blacken the Front of them perſons' Houſes which are notorious for tale-Bearing, or propagating falſehood. If that was the caſe with us, what a diſmal figure Would moſt of the towns in England make!

Thoſe which are given to tell ALL they know, generally tells MORE then they know.

We feel what we fear, much more then what we really ſuffer.

The man who is aſhamed of being Poor, would be proud if he was rich.

Them who give nobody a Good word, deſerves nobody's Good word.

I have often thought them happy which have been fixed, from the firſt Dawn of thought, in a determination to ſome ſtate of Life, by the Choice of one whoſe Authority may Preclude caprice, and whoſe Influence may prejudice thoſe in the favour of his Opinion.

I am happy that the ſame Place contains both you and I, as I would not be divided from ye for the *Indies*.

SIR,

SIR,

SINCE I had the Happineſs to ſee you laſt, I have encountered as Many misfortunes as a knight-Errant. I had a Fall into the water at *Calais*, and ſince that has had ſeveral bruiſes Upon the Land, Lame Poſt-horſes by day, and Hard Beds at night, with many other diſmal adventures,

At which my memory with Grief recoil.

My arrival at *Paris* was at Firſt no leſs uncomfortable, where I could not ſee a face nor Hear a Word that I ever met with before; ſo that my moſt Agreeable companions have been ſtatues and Pictures, who are many of them very Extraordinary; but what Particularly recommends them to me is, that they Do not ſpeak *French*, and has a Very good Quality, rarely to be Met with in this country, of not being too talkative.

I am ſettled for ſome Time at *Paris*. ſince my Being here I have made the tour of all the King's palaces, who have been I think the pleaſanteſt Part of my life. I could not believe it was in the Power of art to Furniſh out ſuch a Multitude of noble ſcenes as i there met with, or that ſo many Delightful Proſpects could *lie within the Compaſs of a man's Imagination. There are every Thing done that can be expected from a prince who Removes

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* *To* lay *and to* lie *are often confounded for one another, chiefly by the paſt Time of to* lie *being to* lay.—*To* lay *is a regular Verb, and its paſt Time is* laid; *as*, He *laid* the Money down—We *laid* no Streſs upon that. *To* lie *makes to* lay *in its paſt Time*; *as*, I *lay* too long in Bed this

noves Mountains, turns the courſe of Rivers, raiſe woods in a Day's time, and plants a Village or own on ſuch a particular Ground only for the bet-ering of a view. One would Wonder to ſee how nany Tricks he has made the Water Play for his iverſion. She turns itſelf into Pyramids, Triumph-l arches, Glaſs-bottles, Imitates a Fire-work, or ell a ſtory Out of *Æſop*.

I do not believe, as Good a poet as you are, that ou can make more finer landſkips than them about he King's houſes, or with all your deſcriptions aiſe a more magnificent Palace than *Verſailles*. I m however ſo ſingular as to prefer *Fontaine-bleau* o all the reſt. It is ſituated among Rocks and woods, that gives you a Fine variety of Salvage roſpects. the King has humoured the Genius f the place, and only made uſe of ſo much art as re neceſſary to help and Regulate nature, without eforming her too much. The Caſcades ſeems to reak through the clefts and Cracks of the rocks who are covered over with moſs, and Looks as if hey were piled upon one Another by Accident. There are an Artificial wildneſs in the Meadows, valks, and Canals; and the garden, inſtead of a Wall, is fenced on the lower end by a Natural mound of rock-Work, that ſtrike the Eye Very greeably. For my Part, I think There is ſome-thing more charming in theſe rude heaps of Stone then

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his Morning—I was lately at my Uncle's, where I *lay* wo Nights. *But it alſo forms its paſt Time in* lain, *as the ther, with a helping Verb, as* I have *lain* too long this Morning, &c.

To lie, *or tell Lies, is a regular Verb, and makes* lied *in the paſt Time,*

then in ſo many ſtatues; and Would as ſoon ſee a River winding through woods and Meadows, as when ſhe is toſſed up in ſo many Whimſical Figures at *Verſailles*. To paſs from Works of nature to thoſe of art. In my Opinion, the moſt pleaſanteſt part of *Verſailles* is the Gallery. every one ſee on each ſide of her ſomething that will be ſure to pleaſe Him: For one of them commands a view of the Fineſt Gardens in the world, and the other are Wainſcotted with Looking-Glaſs. The Hiſtory of the Preſent king 'till the Year 16— is painted on the Roof by *le Brun*; ſo that his Majeſty has actions enough by him to furniſh Another Gallery much longer than the preſent.

The Painter have repreſented his Moſt chriſtian majeſty under the Figure of *Jupiter*, Throwing thunderbolts all about the cieling, and ſtriking Terror into the *Danube* and *Rhine*, that lies Aſtoniſhed and blaſted with lightning a Little above the cornice.

But what makes all Theſe ſhow the more agreeable are, the Great kindneſs and Affability that is ſhown to ſtrangers. If the *French* do not excel the *Engliſh* in all the arts of Humanity, they do at leaſt in the Outward expreſſions of it. And upon this, as well as other Accounts, though I believe the *Engliſh* are a much Wiſer nation, the *French* are much More happier. Their Old men in Particular is, I believe, the moſt agreeable in the World. An Antediluvian could Not have more life and Briſkneſs in him at threeſcore and ten: For that fire and Levity which makes the Young ones ſcarce Converſible, when a little Waſtened and tempered by years, Make a very pleaſant and Gay old Age. Beſides, this National fault of being ſo very Talk-

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tive look natural and Graceful in one that has grey Hairs to Countenance it. The Mentioning this fault in the *French* muſt Put me in mind to finiſh my letter, leſt You thinkeſt me already too much infected by Their converſation; but I muſt deſire you to conſider, that travelling does in this Reſpect lay a little claim to the privilege of Old age.

I am, SIR, &c.

SIR, *Blois, May* 15, *N. S.*

I Cannot pretend to trouble you with any News from this place, where the only Advantage I have, beſides Getting the language, are, to ſee the manners and Temper of the People, which I believe may be better learnt here then in courts or Greater cities, where Artifice and Diſguiſe is more in Faſhion.

I have already ſeen, as I informed you in my laſt, all the King's palaces, and has Now ſeen a great Part of the Country. I Never Thought there had been in the World ſuch an exceſſive Magnificence or poverty as I have met with in both together. One can ſcarce conceive what pomp appears in Every thing about the King; but at The Same time it makes half His ſubjects go barefoot. The people However, are, the happieſt in the world; and enjoys, from the Benefit of their Climate and natural Conſtitution, ſuch a Perpetual gladneſs of Heart and eaſineſs of Temper, as even Liberty and plenty Cannot Beſtow on Them of other nations. 'Tis not in the power of want or ſlavery to make them miſerable. There is nothing to be met with in the Country but mirth and poverty. Every One

ſings,

ſings, Laughs, and Starve. their Converſation is generally agreeable, for if they have any Wit or ſenſe, they are ſure to ſhew it. They never mend upon a ſecond meeting; but Uſes all the Freedom and familiarity at firſt ſight, that a Long Intimacy or abundance of wine can ſcarce draw from an *Engliſhman*. Their women is perfect miſtreſſes in the art of Showing themſelves to the Beſt advantage.---- They are always Gay and Sprightly, and ſets off the worſt Faces in the World with the beſt airs. Every one knows how to give herſelf as Charming a Look and poſture as Sir *Godfrey Kneller* could draw her in. I cannot end my Letter without obſerving that from what I have already ſeen of the World, I cannot but ſet a particular mark of Diſtinction upon thoſe who abounds moſt in the Virtue of their nation, and leaſt in its Imperfections. When therefore I ſee the good ſenſe of an *Engliſhman* in its higheſt Perfection without any Mixture of the Spleen, I Hope thou will execuſe me if I admire the character, and am ambitious of ſubſcribing myſelf,

SIR, Yours, &c.

While thou was attempting to become wiſe above that which is revealed, thy folly haſt perverted the Inſtruction which was vouchafed the. Art thou diſabled as the Fox? Has thou not rather the powers of the Eagle? Ariſe: Let the Eagle be the object of thy Emulation. To pain and Sickneſs be thou again the Meſſenger of Eaſe and Health. Virtue is not Reſt, but Action. If thou does Good to man as an Evidence of thy love to God, thy Virtue will be exalted from moral to divine; and that Happineſs which is the Pledge of Paradiſe, will be thy Reward upon Earth.

Not one enormity will be without his Plea, if once the boundaries of Duty is broken down: But even in this univerſal Depravity, his Crime who robbed me of my Child from Inſtigations of Riot and Licentiouſneſs, and under the Guiſe of Love and truſt, would be much worſe than his which deprived me of my ſubſtance, and had neceſſity to plead in Extenuation of his Guilt.

The conſciouſneſs of Integrity, and a firm truſt in Providence, carries a man through the greateſt Difficulties.

Whoſe Leavings are they whom a virtuous Woman takes, who marries a Profligate?

Women who can ſigh for a Coxcomb, deſerves either a great deal of Pity, or none at all.

Pride and Conceit makes a Perſon contemptible in the Eye of every one whoſe good Opinion is worth cultivating.

There are very often more Indelicacy in Delicacy than very nice People are aware of.

A graceful perſon is a great Recommendation, hence Men of Appearance often ſucceeds when Men of merit fail.

A woman of Virtue, of good Underſtanding, of Family, ſkilled in, and delighting to perform the duties of the domeſtic Life, need no Fortune to recommend her to the Choice of the greateſt and moſt richeſt Man which wiſhes his own happineſs.

This, I think, is the fineſt houſe I ever ſee.†

Many a one may be thought well of in Converſation, which by putting Pen to Paper does but expoſe themſelves.

Women's eyes frequently runs away with there Underſtanding.

I admire this Eſſay; ſhew it* your maſter.

This is a pretty Box; give it me, or lend it me.

This is the hardeſt Metal I ever broke.

I love this Book extremely; I ſhew it my Brother, who likewiſe admired it.

If ever I had went this Road I ſhould have know it better.

Who do you cry for, Child? Are any one of your Family ill?

Glorious is the Charity of that Perſon whom, in pitying others for there Errors, has no Vices of their own to cover by the exertion of that chriſtian grace.

The

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* *This Mode of Expreſſion, for Brevity's Sake, is often uſed by the beſt Speakers, tho' according to the literal Senſe of the Words is Nonſenſe: The Scholar, therefore, muſt always conſider the* To *as underſtood; as,* Shew it *to* your Maſter.

† *This is likewiſe a common Contraction, but very improper: We ſhould ſay,* I ever did ſee, *or,* I ever *ſaw; for when an Auxiliary is not expreſſed, we always expreſs the Time in the principal Verb.—There are likewiſe other Errors intermixed in theſe Sentences.*

THE Beauty of moſt things conſiſt not in there being ſaid or done, as in there being timely ſaid or done.

All Converſation, all improvement, are put a Stop to the Moment gaming commences: Friendſhip and Society, Benevolence and Humanity ceaſes; and nothing further is thought of, but the Ruin of them you are in company with; the Ruin of them you often make the ſtrongeſt Proteſtations of Friendſhip to. The Gameſter happineſs, like the Devil's, depend on the Miſery of others; and, like *Satan* too, he ſmiles on thoſe, who in his Heart he devotes to Deſtruction.

All was ſurpriſed to ſee what a number of horſes *run down the Hill; they run into the Streets, where many People were rid over, and ſome People were ſo dangerouſly hurt, that they have not ſpoke ſince. I ſprung acroſs the Street to ſave a Child, which was ſtanding in the Way, who I puſhed into a Corner, but was threw down myſelf. After I had roſe, in making into an Entry, my Cloaths

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* *This Cock and Bull Story, with other Sentences of the ſame Nature, I have calculated as an Exerciſe under the paſt Time of irregular Verbs, and the Participle, which are often confounded in Converſation, and conſequently in Writing by an Engliſh Scholar. (See the Diſtinction, Gram. P.* 113, 114.) *viz. When an Auxiliary or helping Verb is expreſſed, we uſe the Participle, as,* I have drunk Wine; *when the helping Verb is not expreſſed, we ſhould ſay,* I drank Wine. *—A Child who can readily tell what Part of Speech every Word is of, (none ſhould be put to theſe Exerciſes 'till he can) and is perfect in the Formation of irregular Verbs, will naturally make the Diſtinction, by calling* drank *a Verb of the*

paſt

were tore off my Back in the Crowd, likewiſe endeavouring to ſave theirſelves. A Neighbour of mine had his Leg broke; many others were threwed down, and much hurt; ſome were thrown one way, ſome another; ſome run into Harm's Way, ſome run from it; many Windows were broke, many Stalls were drove down; and before the People had recovered from their Confuſion, many Houſes were broke, Goods were ſtole, and much Miſchief ſuſtained: Do not therefore be ſurpriſed when I tell you that your Brother, who had got into a window to ſecure himſelf, was threw down; he fell upon the pavement, and was very much hurt, but is now grew better again.

I have bore the Burthen and the Heat of the Day.

The Child was chid for falling over the Stile, tho' he was drove over by the very Perſon by which he was chid.

At the Club of Orators many fine Declamations were ſpoke.

I have forſook my old Habitation and have ſtole to the Country, where I have began to build new Houſe.

Yeſterday

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paſt Time, and drunk *a Participle*; have *being the helping Verb, which varies according to the Perſon 'tis ſpoken in.*

This Species of Error is, and has been, ſo common in Converſation, that even many good Authors have carried it into their Writings, 'till Cuſtom has almoſt adopted it, as it has many other Modes of Speaking nevertheleſs erroneous; of which I ſhall give a Catalogue in the next Edition of this Book, not yet properly collected.

Yeſterday an elegant Entertainment was given at the Manſion-houſe, where many loyal Healths were drank.*

Infinite Goodneſs is of ſo Communicative a nature, that it ſeems to Take delight in the conferring of Exiſtence upon every Degree of perceptive Being. As this is a Speculation which I have often purſued with great Pleaſure to myſelf, I ſhall enlarge further upon it, by conſidering that Part of the Scale of beings which come within our knowledge.

There is ſome living Creatures which are raiſed but juſt above dead Matter. To mention only that Species of Shell-fiſh, which are formed in the Faſhion of a Cone, that grows to the Surface of ſeveral Rocks, and immediately die upon their being ſevered from the Place where they grew. There are many Creatures but one Remove from theſe, which have no other ſenſe but that of feeling and Taſte: Others have ſtill an additional one of Hearing; others of Smell, and others of ſight. It is wonderful to obſerve by what a gradual Progreſs the World of Life advances through a prodigious Variety of Species, before a Creature is formed that is complete in all his ſenſes: ---And even among theſe, there is ſuch a different degree of Perfection in the Senſe which one animal enjoys above another, that though the Senſe in different Animals be diſtinguiſhed by the ſame common Denomination, they ſeem almoſt of a different nature. If after this we look into the ſeveral in-

* *This is an Expreſſion frequent with Newſ-writers, tho' they would not ſay in ſpeaking of any one,* He was drank, *equally improper, but leſs frequent.*

ward Perfections of cunning and inſtinct, we find them riſing after the ſame manner, imperceptibly one above another, and receiving additional improvements, according to the Species in whom they are implanted. This Progreſs in nature is ſo very gradual, that the moſt perfect of an inferior ſpecies come very near to the moſt imperfect of that which is immediately above.

BUT if a Stone the gentle Surge divide, *
Swift circling Eddies curl on every Side.

Fools! who from hence into the Notion fall,
That Vice or †Virtue there are none at all.
If Black and White blend often, and unite
A thouſand Ways, are there no Black and White?
Aſk your own Heart, and Nothing is ſo plain;
'Tis ‡to miſtake them coſts the Time and Pain.

Still

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* *Here* divide, *which is proper according to the Practice of the beſt Speakers and Writers, is an Idiom from the Subjunctive Mood of the Latins, who expreſs their Auxiliaries or Signs in their Terminations; but as the Auxiliaries in our Language are expreſſive of their own Modes or Meanings, the Engliſh Maſter muſt, in Conformity to Cuſtom, endeavour to render this Mode of Expreſſion intelligible to the Scholar by the Conjunction* if; *or by the Auxiliary* ſhould *or* would *underſtood, the Senſe is here,* But if a Stone ſhould divide the gentle Surge.

† *In this, and ſimilar Inſtances, the unthinking Scholar ſhould be put upon conſidering the different Uſes of the Conjunction* and, *and the Disjunctive* or, *and to render the Verb accordingly.*

‡ *Here the Infinitive Verb is the Nominative Word to the Verb.*

Still as one Brood and as another roſe,
‖Theſe nat'ral Love maintain'd, habitual Thoſe;
The laſt ſcarce ripen'd into perfect Man,
Saw helpleſs him from which their Life began.

If Man alone ingroſs not Heav'n's high Care,
Alone made perfect here, immortal there,
Snatch from his Hand the Balance and the Rod,
Rejudge his Juſtice, be the God of God.

'Tis hard to ſay if greater Want of Skill
Appears in writing, or in judging ill.
If Wit ſo much from Ignorance undergo
O let not Learning too commence his Foe!

The Cloud-capt Towers,
The gorgeous Palaces,
The ſolemn Temples,
The great Globe itſelf,
Yea, all which it inherits,
Shall diſſolve:
And, like the baſeleſs Fabric of a Viſion,
Leaves not a Wreck behind.

HAIL Source of Beings! Univerſal Soul
Of Heaven and Earth, eſſential Preſence hail!
To The I bend the Knee, to thee my Thoughts
Continual climbs, whom with a Maſter Hand
Hath

‖ *Here* theſe *is put for the Parents,* thoſe *for their Offſpring; as* here *and* there, *in the following Sentence, expreſs Time and Eternity. Very expreſſive and elegant Modes of Speaking.*

Hath the great Whole into Perfection touch'd.
By Thee, the various vegetative Tribes
Wrapp'd in a filmy Net, and clad with Leaves,
Draws the live Æther, and imbibes the Dew.
By Thee dispos'd into congenial Soils
Stand each attractive Plant, and sucks, and swells
The juicy Tide! a twining Mass of Tubes.
At Thy command, the vernal Sun awake
The torpid Sap, detruded to the Root
By wintry Winds, and now in fluent Dance
And lively Fermentation mounting, spreads
All this innumerous colour'd Scene of Things.

The dripping Rock, the Mountain misty Top,
Swells on the Sight, and brightens with the Dawn.

But absent, what fantastic Woes, arous'd,
Rage in each Thought, by restless musing fed,
Chills the warm Cheek, and blasts the Bloom of Life!
Neglected Fortune flies; and sliding swift,
Prone into Ruin, falls his scorn'd Affairs.
'Tis Nought but Gloom around.

Thrice happy him, whom on the sunless Side
Of a romantic Mountain, forest-crown'd,
Beneath the whole collected Shade recline:
Or in the gelid Caverns, woodbine-wrought,
And fresh-bedew'd with ever spouting Streams,
Sit coolly calm; while all the World without,
Unsatisfied, and sick, tosses in Noon.
Emblem instructive of the virtuous Man,
Who keeps his temper'd Mind serene and pure,
And every Passion aptly harmoniz'd
Amidst a jarring World with Vice inflam'd.

A HYMN.

THESE, as they change, Almighty Father, theſe,
Is but the varied GOD. *The rolling Year*
Is full of Thee. Forth in the pleaſing Spring
Thy Beauty walks, Thy Tenderneſs and Love.
Wide flush the Fields; the ſoftening Air is Balm;
Echo the Mountains round; the Foreſt ſmile;
And every Senſe and every Heart is Joy.
Then comes Thy Glory in the Summer Months,
With Light and Heat refulgent. Then Thy Sun
Shoots full Perfection thro' the ſwelling Year:
And oft Thy Voice in dreadful Thunder ſpeak;
And oft at Dawn, deep Noon, or falling Eve,
By Brooks and Graves, in hollow-whiſpering Gales.
Thy Bounty ſhines in Autumn unconfin'd,
And ſpread a common Feaſt for all that lives.
In Winter awful Thou! with Clouds and Storms
Around Thee thrown, Tempeſt o'er Tempeſt roll'd,
Majeſtic Darkneſs! on the Whirlwind's Wing,
Riding ſublime, Thou bid the World adore,
And humbles Nature with Thy northern Blaſt.
Myſterious Round! what Skill, what Force divine,
Deep-felt, in theſe appears! a ſimple Train,
Yet ſo delightful mix'd, with ſuch kind Art,
Such Beauty and Beneficence combin'd;
Shade, unperceiv'd, ſo ſoftening into Shade;
And all ſo forming an harmonious Whole;
That, as they ſtill ſucceed, they raviſh ſtill.
But wandering oft, with brute, unconſcious Gaze,
Man marks not Thee, mark not the mighty Hand,
That, ever-buſy, wheel the ſilent Spheres;

Works

Works in the ſecret Deep; ſhoot, ſteaming, thence
The fair Profuſion that o'erſpreads the Spring:
Flings from the Sun direct the flaming Day;
Feeds every Creature; hurls the Tempeſt forth;
And, as on Earth this grateful Change revolves,
With Tranſport touches all the Springs of Life.
Nature, attend! join every living Soul,
Beneath the ſpacious Temple of the Sky,
In Adoration join; and, ardent, raiſe
One general Song! To Him, ye vocal Gales,
Breathe ſoft, whoſe Spirit in your Freſhneſs breathe:
Oh Talk of him in ſolitary Glooms!
Where, o'er the Rock, the ſcarcely-waving Pine
Fill the brown Shade with a religious Awe.
And ye, whoſe bolder Note is heard afar,
Who ſhake th'aſtoniſh'd World, lift high to Heaven
Th'impetuous Song, and ſay from which you rage.
His Praiſe, ye Brooks, attune, ye trembling Rills;
And let me catch it as I muſe along.
Ye headlong Torrents, rapid and profound;
Ye ſofter Floods, that leads the humid Maze
Along the Vale; and thou, majeſtic Main,
A ſecret World of Wonders in thyſelf,
Sound His ſtupendous Praiſe; whoſe greater Voice
Or bids you roar, or bid your Roarings fall.
Soft roll your Incenſe, Herbs, and Fruits, and Flowers,
In mingled Clouds to Him; whoſe Sun exalts,
Whoſe Breath perfume you, and whoſe Pencil paints.
Ye Foreſts bend, ye Harveſts wave to Him;
Breath your ſtill Song into the Reaper's Heart,
As home he goes beneath the joyous Moon.
Ye that keep Watch in Heaven, as Earth aſleep
Unconſcious lies, effuſe your mildeſt Beams,
Ye Conſtellations, while your Angels ſtrike,
Amid the ſpangled Sky, the Silver Lyre.

Great

Great Source of Day! best Image here below
Of thy Creator, ever pouring Wide,
From World to World, the vital Ocean round,
On Nature write with every Beam his Praise.
The Thunder rolls: be hush'd the prostrate World,
While Cloud to Cloud returns the solemn Hymn.
Bleat out afresh, ye Hills, ye mossy Rocks,
Retain the Sound: The broad responsive Low,
Ye Valleys, raise; for the Great Shepherd reigns;
And his unsuffering Kingdom yet will come.
Ye Woodlands all, awake: A boundless Song
Bursts from the Groves; and when the restless Day,
Expiring, lay the warbling World asleep,
Sweetest of Birds! sweet Philomela, charm
The listening Shades, and teach the Night his Praise.
Ye chief, for whom the whole Creation smiles;
At once the Head, the Heart, and Tongue of all,
Crown the great Hymn! in swarming Cities vast
Assembled Men to the deep Organ join
The long-resounding Voice, oft breaking clear,
At solemn Pauses, through the swelling Bass;
And, as each mingling Flame increases each,
In one united Ardor rise to Heaven.
Or if you rather chuse the rural Shade,
And finds a Fane in every sacred Grove;
There let the Shepherd's Flute, the Virgin's Lay
The prompting Seraph, and the Poet's Lyre,
Still sing the GOD *of* SEASONS, *as they roll.*
For me, when I forget the Darling Theme,
Whether the Blossom blows, the Summer Ray
Russets the Plain, inspiring Autumn gleams;
Or Winter rises in the blackening East;
Be my Tongue mute, may Fancy paint no more,
And, dead to Joy, forget my Heart to beat!

Should

Should Fate command me to the fartheſt Verge
Of the green Earth, to diſtant barbarous Climes,
Rivers unknown to Song; where firſt the Sun
Gilds Indian *Mountains, or his ſetting Beam*
Flame on th' Atlantic *Iſles; 'tis nought to me:*
Since GOD *is ever preſent, ever felt,*
In the void Waſte as in the City full;
And where He vital ſpreads there muſt be Joy.
When even at the laſt the ſolemn Hour ſhall come,
And wing my myſtic Flight to other Worlds,
I chearful will obey. There, with new Powers,
Will riſing Wonders ſing: I cannot go
Where Univerſal Love ſmiles not around,
Suſtaining all yon Orbs and all their Sons,
From ſeeming Evil *ſtill educing* Good,
And Better thence again, and Better ſtill,
In infinite Progreſſion.——————But I loſe
Myſelf in Him, in LIGHT INEFFABLE!
Come then, expreſſive Silence, muſe his Praiſe.

COMMUNE with Thyſelf, o youth! and Conſider wherefore thou wert made.

Proceed not to ſpeak or to Act before thou Has weighed Thy words, and Examined the tendency of every ſtep thou ſhall Take: So ſhall diſgrace fly far from thee, and in thy houſe Shalt ſhame be a ſtranger; Repentance ſhall not viſit the, nor ſorrow dwells upon thy cheek.

Who art thou that preſume on thy Own wiſdom? Or why doſt thou vaunt thyſelf upon thy own acquirements?

The firſt ſtep Towards being Wiſe is to know that thou art ignorant; and if thou would not be Eſteemed fooliſh in the Judgement of others, caſt off the folly of being Wiſe in thine own Conceit.

If thy Soul thirſteth for honour, if thy Ear Has any pleaſure in the Voice of praiſe, Raiſe thyſelf from the Duſt whereof thou is Made, and Exalt thy aim to ſomething that Is praiſe-worthy.

The Poor man ſees not the Vexations and anxieties of the rich, he Feeleth not the difficulties and Perplexities of power, Neither knoweth he the weariſomeneſs of Leiſure; and therefore it is that he repineth at his own lot.

But Envy not the appearance of happineſs in any man, for Thou knows not his Secret griefs.

Yet if thou ſuffer not the allurements of Fortune to Rob thee of Juſtice, or Temperance, or charity, or modeſty, even riches Theirſelves ſhall not make thee Unhappy.

Virtue is the race Which GOD hath ſet him to run, and Happineſs the goal; whom none can arrive at 'Till he hath finiſhed his courſe, and received his Crown in the Manſions of eternity.

The Neareſt approach thou can make to happineſs on this Side the grave, is to Enjoy from heaven underſtanding and health.

But who is ſhe that with graceful ſteps, And with a lively air, Trip over yonder plains?

The roſe Bluſheth on her cheeks, the Sweetneſs of the morning Breath from Her Lips; Joy, tempered with innocence and Modeſty, ſparkle in her Eyes, and From the chearfulneſs of her Heart ſhe Sings as ſhe walks.

Her name Is Health; ſhe is the daughter of Exerciſe and Temperance; their Sons Inhabit the mountains that ſtretcheth over the northern regions.

They are brave, active, and lively, and Partakes of all the Beauties And virtues of Their ſiſter.

Vigour ſtringeth Their nerves, ſtrength Dwell in their Bones, and labour is Their Delight All the day Long.

The employmens of their Father Excites their appetites, and the repaſts of their mother refreſhes Them.

To combat the paſſions is Their delight; to conquer Evil habits there glory.

Their pleaſures is Moderate, and Therefore they endure; their repoſe Is Short, but ſound and undiſturbed.

Their blood is Pure, there minds is Serene, and the Phyſician Findeth not the Way to Their Habitations.

AS the whirlwind in his fury teareth up Trees, and deforms the face Of Nature, or as An earthquake in her Convulſions overturneth whole cities; ſo the Rage of an Angry man Throws miſchief Around Him. Danger and Deſtruction waiteth on his head.

But conſider, and forget not thine Own Weakneſs, ſo ſhall thou Pardon the Failings of others.

Indulge not thyſelf in thee Paſſion of Anger; it is whetting a Sword to Wound thy own Breaſt, Or Murder thy Friend.

If thou bears ſlight Provocations with patience, It ſhall be imputed unto Thee for Wiſdom; and if thou Wipeſt them from thy Remembrance, thy heart ſhall not reproach the.

Sees not thou that the Angry man Loſeth his Underſtanding? While thou art yet in thy Senſes let the Wrath of another be a leſſon to Thyſelf.

Do nothing In a Paſſion. Why will thou put to Sea in the violence Of a ſtorm?

If it be Difficult to rule thine anger, it Is Wiſe to prevent it: Avoid Therefore all occaſions of Falling into wrath, or Guard thyſelf Againſt them whenever it occurs.

A fool is provoked with inſolent ſpeeches, but Wiſe men Laugheth them to ſcorn.

Harbour not Revenge in thy breaſt; it will Torment thy Heart, and diſcolour his Beſt Inclinations.

Be Always more Ready to forgive, than to return an injury: He which Watches for an opportunity of Revenge, Lies in wait Againſt hiſelf, and draweth down miſchief Upon his Own head.

A Mild anſwer to an Angry man, like water caſt upon the fire, Abate his heat; and from an Enemy he Shall Become thy friend.

Conſider how few Things is Worthy of Anger, and thou will wonder that any but Fools ſhould be Wroth.

In Folly or weakneſs it always Beginneth; but remember and be well aſſured, ſhe ſeldom concludes Without Repentance.

On the heels Of folly tread ſhame; at The back Of Anger Stand remorſe.

As bloſſoms And Flowers are Strewed upon earth by the hand of Spring, as the Kindneſs of Summer produce in perfection The Bounties Of Harveſt; ſo the ſmiles of pity ſheds bleſſings on the Children of Misfortunes.

He who pities another Recommendeth himſelf; but he which is without compaſſion deſerveth it not.

Shut not Thine Ear Therefore againſt the cries of the poor; neither Harden thine Heart againſt the Calamities of the Innocent.

When the fatherleſs Calls upon thee, when thee widow's heart is Sunk, And ſhe Implores thy aſſiſtance with tears of Sorrow; O Pity her affliction, and extend thy Hand to them which have none to help them.

When thou ſees the Naked wanderer of the ſtreet, ſhivering with Cold, and Deſtitute of habitation; Let bounty Open Thine Heart, let the Wings of charity ſhelter Him from death, that thine own Soul mayeſt live.

'Tis

IT is impoſſible to arrive at Politeneſs without *Modeſt Sentiments*, Becauſe pride and a Haughty demeanour is the moſt natural ſources of impoliteneſs. Modeſty diſſipates That Charm and miſt whom pride Inſpires into the mind of Man, and who Hides him from hiſelf. This deception Magnifies the idea of his Own merit, and Leſſens that which he ought to have of His Perſonal Failings. Modeſty is a kind of Varniſh, who Sets off our Natural Talents, and Gives them a Luſtre: And 'tis certain, a Great merit is more Penetrating when attended with Modeſt notions.

On the Contrary, whatever merit a man May Have, he ſets the World Againſt him, when he Preſumes too much upon it. Why are We moved with Indignation againſt them which have admirable Talents, but that they are too conceited of them, and Appears too well ſatisfied with Theirſelves? A pretty Woman, Who is not oſtentatious of her deſert is much more amiable than a haughty Beauty, which Preſumes that all the World Ought to pay homage to Her charms. And as Our excellencies are not to be Boaſted, ſo Neither ſhould we Counterfeit a contempt of them. This is Nothing but a refinement of pride, and a by-way of Beſpeaking commendation.

A Modeſt perſon acts Evenly, and without formality: He Seeks not to recommend Hiſelf, nor court Eleemoſinary applauſeſs When They are Given for things that does not deſerve them, he is but ſlightly touched with them; nor does his ſpirits boil when they are unjuſtly Refus'd him. he has no High Idea of his Perſonal merit; and 'tis a plea-

ſure to him to do Juſtice to that of others. He praiſes them without reluctance, when they have done any thing praiſe-Worthy; and never invidiouſly hear the elogies that are Given them; which is things not incident to ſouls But of a Noble Make.

Fine talents, and Eminent qualities, is not ſufficient of theirſelves to Purchaſe the eſteem And affection of men. 'Tis Moreover requiſite not to applaud ourſelves for them, Nor make a Pompous ſhow of them. If you diſcover, in a Contemptuous look, your ſmall eſteem of others, and your high opinion of Yourſelf; or if you aſſume too Great an aſcendant over them, you will bring all the world upon your back. Your merit will Become a rock of offence, and be More to your prejudice then advantage; becauſe we feel a Secret indignation againſt Them that eclipſe us, and Spares nothing to excuſe ourſelves from ſo Ungrateful a ſuperiority.

There is ſo great a correſpondence Betwixt them ſprings that Moves the heart, and Them that move the countenance, That we may Judge by this Outward dial-Plate how the clock-Work goes in The ſoul. a woman of too Stately a gait, too Haughty and Preſumptuous a look, and a forehead that never Bluſhes, has No Great fund of Modeſty, Generally ſpeaking. Whereas a ſoft and Modeſt air, that has nothing wild or over free in it, is almoſt a certain ſign that all are regular within.

In our Judgements of Men we muſt throw there Merits into one Scale, and their Demerits into the other; and if the former weighs down the latter, we muſt in Charity pronounce to the Perſon's Advantage.

Ar-

Artifice grows uſeleſs when it becomes ſuſpected; becauſe it puts people Upon their guard, which avoid a Man of Stratagem as a ſpy.

The Continual politics my neighbour employs in Every thing, Makes him Miſcarry in all the Affairs he undertakes. He uſes the Same ſubterfuges, Inſinuations, and cunning in triſles, As if the matter was of the greateſt Conſequence: And as Every body is perſuaded he has ſtill ſome little trick in his Head, ſo he Is Always miſtruſted, and Nobody care to treat with him, for fear of Being Deceived.

That which hinders us from modeſt notions is, Our unacquaintedneſs with Ourſelves. A woman but moderately Handſome, fancies wonderous Conqueſts; and vainly perſuades Herſelf, all which ſees her are captivated by her charms. A man who has the Leaſt pretenſions to wit, Preſumes he is One of the moſt ſublimeſt and Firſt-rate wits. He that harangues in public, Thinks he ſpeaks Wonderfully well; and is amazed to find the applauſes refuſed, whom he Facies is due to him.

Is it want of eyes or Brains, Or Reflection, that make Men ſo opinionated with their own merit? Or rather, Is it Not want of modeſty, that throw them off Their view from their Perſonal faults, for Fear the proſpect ſhould offend them? Thoſe very men which are ſo Quick-ſighted as to the minuteſt and moſt imperceptible faults of their neighbours, and Purſues them with bitter Raillery and ſatyr, is Blind to the moſt Groſſeſt Vices in themſelves, which Renders them deſpicable, and Are Obvious to all the World.

Men

Men of the greateſt wit and Moſt Extenſive Views are Often guilty of moſt notorious Errors; but their Regret to be miſtaken, makes them obſtinately defend Their extravagancies, and *vilifies thoſe that Let them ſee their follies. The ridiculous pride they are Poſſeſſed of, taint and depreciate all their talents. A Few Grains more of modeſty would not a little ſet them off.

It is a common infirmity with them which think Themſelves deſerving, to Envy ſuch as ſet out with a growing Reputation; and they ſeldom Pardon a Man his Fine Qualities that procures him a general eſteem. Profeſſed Wits cannot bear to See a Young Man diſtinguiſh himſelf, and begins to attract the approbation of Worthy perſons. What an Heart-Breaking it is to a Woman, who is Reckoned Handſome, to have a young Beauty come in play, and out-ſhine all that comes near her?

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* *Here the Copulative is between the Infinitive Verbs* defend *and* vilify. *This Kind of Connection, which is often miſtaken by Scholars, frequently occurs in theſe Exerciſes.*

The PLEASURES *of* POETRY.*

An ODE.

HAPPY the Babe whoſe natal *Hour*
The Muſe propitious *deign to grace,*
No Frowns on his ſoft *Forehead low'r,*
No Cries diſtorts his tender *Face;*
But o'er her Child, forgetting all her Pangs,
Inſatiate of his Smiles, the raptur'd *Parent hangs.*

Let Stateſmen, on the ſleepleſs *Bed,*
The Fate of Realms and Princes weigh,
While in the agonizing *Head,*
They form ideal *Scenes of Sway;*
Not long, alas! the fancy'd *Charms delight,*
But melt, like Spectre-forms, in ſilent Shades of Night.

Ye heavy *Pedants, dull of Lore,*
Nod o'er the Taper's livid *Flame,*
Ye Miſers, ſtill increaſe your Store,
Still tremble at the Robber's Name;
Or ſhuddering from the recent *Dream ariſe,*
While viſionary *Fire glow* dreadful *to your Eyes.*

Far other Joys the Muſes ſhow'r
Benignant, *on the* aching *Breaſt;*
'Tis their's in the lone, cheerleſs *Hour,*
To lull the labour'ing *Heart to reſt:*
With bright'ing *Calms they glad the Proſpect* drear,
And bids each Groan ſubſide, and dries up every Tear.

From

* *See Remarks on this Ode, Page* 141.

From earthly *Miſts, ye gentle Nine!*
Whene'er you purge the viſual *Ray,*
Sudden the Landſcapes fairer ſhine,
And blander *ſmiles the Face of Day;*
Ev'n Chloe's *Lips with brighter Vermil glows,*
And on her youthful *Cheek the Roſe-buds freſher blow.*

When Boreas *ſounds his fierce Alarms,*
And all the green-clad *Nymphs are fled,*
Oh! then I lie in Fancy's Arms,
On fragrant May's delicious *Bed:*
And thro' the Shade, ſlow-creeping from the Dale,
Feel on my drowſy Face the lilly-breathing *Gale.*

Or on the Mountain's airy *Height*
Hear Winter call his howling *Train,*
Chac'd by the Spring and Dryad's *Light,*
That now reſumes their bliſsful *Reign.*
While ſmiling Flora *binds her* Zephyr's *Brows*
With ev'ry various Flow'r that Nature's Lap beſtows.

More potent than the Sybil's *Gold*
That led Æneas *bold Emprize,*
When you, Calliope, *unfold*
Your Laurel Branch, each Phantom flies!
Slow *Care with* heavy *Wings beats the* dull *Air,*
And Dread, and pale-ey'd *Grief, and Pain, and* black *Deſpair.*

With you, Elyſium's happy *Bow'rs,*
The Manſions of the glorious *Dead,*
I viſit oft, and cull the Flowers
That riſe ſpontaneous *to your Tread;*
Such active *Virtue warms that* pregnant *Earth,*
And Heav'n with kindlier Hand aſſiſt each genial *Birth.*

Her

Here oft I wander thro' the Gloom,
While pendant Fruit the Leaves among,
Gleams thro' the Shade with golden Bloom,
Where lurk the various-feather'd Throng,
Whoſe Notes th' eternal Spring unceaſing chear,
Nor leaves in mournful Silence half the drooping Year.

And oft I view along the Plain
With ſlow and ſolemn Step proceed
Heroes and Chiefs, an awful Train,
And high exalts the laurell'd Head,
Submiſs I honour every ſacred Name,
Deep in the Column grav'd of adamantine Fame.

But, ceaſe, my Muſe, with tender Wing
Unfledg'd, etherial Flight to dare,
Stern Cato's bold Diſcourſe to ſing,
Or paint immortal Brutus' Air;
May Britain ne'er the Weight of Slav'ry feel,
Or bid a Brutus ſhake for her his crimſon Steel!

Lo! yonder, negligently laid,
Faſt by the Stream's impurpled Side,
Where thro' the thick-entangled Shade,
The radiant Waves of Nectar glide,
Each ſacred Poet ſtrikes his tuneful Lyre,
And waft the raviſh'd Heart, and bids the Soul aſpire.

No more is heard the plaintive Strain,
Or pleaſing Melancholy's Song,
Tibullus here forgets his Pain,
And joins the Love-exulting Throng:
For Cupid flutters round with golden Dart,
And fiercely twangs his Bow at every Rebel Heart.

There

There ſtretch'd at Eaſe Anacreon *gay,*
And on his melting Leſbia's *Breaſt,*
With Eye half-rais'd Catullus *lay,*
And gaz'd himſelf to balmy *Reſt.*
While Venus' *ſelf thro' all the* am'rous *Groves*
With Kiſſes freſh-diſtill'd ſupply'd there conſtant *Loves.*

Now Horace's *Hand the String inſpir'd,*
My Soul, impatient as he ſung,
The Muſe unconquerable *fir'd,*
And heav'nly *Accents ſeiz'd my Tongue;*
Then, lock'd in Admiration ſweet, *I bow'd,*
Confeſs'd his potent *Art, nor could forbear aloud**

Hail glorious *Bard, whoſe high Command*
A thouſand various *Strings obey,*
While joins and mixes to thy Hand,
At once the bold *and* tender *Lay!*
Not mighty Homer *down* Parnaſſus' *Steep*
Rolls the full *Tide of Verſe ſo* clear *and yet ſo* deep.

O could I catch one Ray divine
From thy intolerable *Blaze!*
To pour ſtrong Luſtre on my Line,
And my aſpiring *Song to raiſe;*
Then ſhou'd the Muſe her choiceſt *Influence ſhed,*
And with eternal *Wreaths entwine my* lofty *Head.*

Then wou'd I ſing the Songs of Fame,
Th' immortal *Chiefs of* antient *Age,*
Or tell of Love's celeſtial *Flame,*
Or ope fair Friendſhip's ſacred *Page;*
And leave the ſullen *Thought and* ſtruggling *Groan.*
To take their watchful *Stands around the* gaudy *Throne.*

* MILTON.

☞ *Though the foregoing Ode is inſerted as Exerciſes of falſe Engliſh, I cannot help recommending to the young Reader, the Author's Choice of his Epithets or Qualities: No Mode or Excellency in Writing contributing more to a Triteneſs, pleaſing Comprehenſiveneſs, and Energy of Expreſſion, than an apt and expreſſive Choice of Qualities,—pointed out here by a different Character; and which Qualities, the Reader muſt obſerve, ſingularly expreſs more than any other ſubſtituted in their reſpective Poſitions could poſſibly do; or even than could poſſibly be expreſſed by a Multiplicity of Words, without theſe very identical Epithets made Uſe of.*

A ſimilar Choice of Epithets I would earneſtly recommend to all young Writers.----Other peculiar Excellencies in Writing may be particularly exemplified in ſome future Edition: At preſent I ſhall only beg Leave to recommend to their Peruſal (by Way of adapting their Stile and Expreſſions) the following Authors in general, without exemplifying the peculiar Excellencies here aſſigned them.

For Eaſe, Elegance, Invention, and Humour, read Addiſon; *for Eaſe and natural Humour,* Swift; *for Conciſeneſs, Elegance, and nervous Senſe,* Hume; *for the moſt flowing, florid, metaphorical Stile,* Seed; *for the trueſt, boldeſt, poetic Stile,* Shakeſpeare; *for an expreſſive, rich, glowing Stile,* Hawkſworth; *particularly his Eaſtern Stories in the* Adventurer, *ſuperior to all others, in my Opinion, who have attempted the Eaſtern Stile: And 'tis remarkable, that almoſt all female Writers write with Eaſe and Elegance, as they would talk, never turgid, or confined in the Trammels of Pedantry, which often fetter your over-learned Authors, the ſtiffeſt and moſt diſagreeable Writers of all.*

AS ſavage Beaſts of the wilderneſs furniſhes Men with Many Conveniences, ſo the Envy of Men, if Prudently Managed, may be turned to advantage. Fire, when too near, Scorch and give pain; but being kept at a Proper diſtance, warms and enliven; beſtowing (like the Sun) the Good effects of light and heat.

If an enemy reproaches you, look upon it as a friendly Relater of what None Elſe, not even a real friend, Wouldſt Have communicated, and what our Partiality in our own Favour would not ſuffer Ourſelves to diſcern.

When a Falſe friend becomes our enemy, we Learn to be more cautious who we repoſe Confidence in, or Make a Friend of For the future.

It is of greater Advantage to be Told of our Faults by an enemy, Then to be Cajoled and flattered into Pride, careleſſneſs, and Content of ourſelves, by a pretended friend.

As Vultures Purſues corrupted and noiſome Carcaſes, wanting Perception of What is ſound, ſo our Enemies lies in wait to Catch at our Failings, and ſpread them Abroad: Bringing us this Advantage.

Enemies is of advantage in Making us exert our Good Qualities, ſo as to ſhine the more brighter; who, without them, might lie hid in the embers, and gives no light. And thus every effort of an enemy's malice is turned to benefit, by defeating his purpoſe through your own ſuperior merit made to appear.

By an unblameable Life and conduct, you wound Your enemies with the Darts of their own ſpleen

and

and Envy, firſt thrown at you, which rebounds with redoubled Force on Theirſelves. For *Diogenes*, being once aſked how a man Might beſt be a Match for an Enemy, anſwered, that the greateſt Mortification you can give him, is to excel him in all worthy accompliſhments, ſo as to gain a ſuperior eſteem from your example, Conduct, and Morals; to be Openly what you ſeem, without being a Hypocrite.

As the Reverberated ſun-Beams greatly afflicts weak Eyes, ſo the Calumnies or Falſe Reports raiſed by our Enemies, when reflected back by truth, are very vexatious and troubleſome to the Miſrepreſenters, when found out in their Aſperſions.

When Your enemies Objects to Crimes againſt you, of whom you are Ignorant, you may thereby take heed to Avoid them things that are unjuſtly attributed to you.

Enemies oftentimes ſees more Things relating to our welfare, Then our Friends: For *Plato* uſed to ſay, that eſteem or Love are blind; Eſpecially in diſcerning the things Eſteemed and beloved: But ſpite, Malice, Ill-will, wrath, and Contempt, are very inquiſitive and quick-Sighted, and ſpreads abroad what they ſee and hear.

As the Bee ſuck honey From every flower, (whether growing in the Field or in the Garden) from whom the ſpider Extracts his Poiſon; ſo a provident man, Let his company be what it will, may gain Advantage from it; while the Indiſcreet and improvident man is worſted by moſt converſation.

Every Man Learns to Correct his own Faults by ſeeing how Ugly Them Deformities appears in Others.

Some enemies, Like Inſects, eſcapes obſervation, 'till they are magnified by notice; and therefore are but neglected, to die of *theirſelves, like Inſects of the ſeaſon.

The Great talent of Silence, as *Hippocrates* has phyſically obſerved, Do not only Extinguiſh Thirſt, but bears up againſt all Slander, with the conſtancy of *Socrates*, and courage of *Hercules*, who was quite unconcerned at any thing others ſaid or did.

The imperfections and depravities of the Preſent human State, with all the different modes of Pleaſure and Pain conſidered, is ſuch, That the Beſt and moſt Humane being may with reaſon wiſh for a tranſlation From This to ſome other Orb, or ſituation of being, Among the Innumerable worlds rolling in Infinite ſpace, either viſible or Remote from Sight; in Hopes that there is ſome ſtate among Them to be found, of more ſubſtantial and permanent happineſs then what, from Experience, can be enjoyed upon this Our Contracted Spot of Earth.

In ſome Things Men will fall Short of Them which went before them: In Others they will Go beyond them. Such Imperfect Beings are Men.

Reaſonable men mends by looking at vice; profligates grows the Worſe for the ſight.

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* Their, *the Genitive Caſe of the Relative, is often, in theſe Exerciſes, put for* them, *the following State of the Relative.*

SOME people diſcovers More Wit by their Silence, than others do by their Long harangues; Giving ſuch an attention, as Let us ſee they nicely take whatever is ſaid to them. Be ſure not to imitate the Lady *Meillet*, who Makes an Horrible Noiſe before ſhe has well Entered the room and ſit down. Without Regard to the Perſon Who is ſpeaking, ſhe Interrupts his Diſcourſe, to ſputter out her Frivolous news, whom none of the company Care to hear. She Conteſts every thing that Others advance; and Alledge a hundred Reaſons to prove they Underſtand not what they ſay. They are Perfectly aſtoniſhed, to ſee with What warmth ſhe contends for the moſt trivial and indifferent matters.

We Know not what name to give to the indiſcretion of thoſe, which delight to diſparage themſelves, and ſtupidly Publiſh Things that taints their Reputation.

Perſons naturally generous and Diſintereſted, expects no return for their good offices: They do not put their benefits to Uſe, nor Feed their Friendſhip with the diet of Hope and intereſt; the Pure pleaſure of friendſhip being all they Seek in the Commerce of their Friends: A Virtue rarely to be found, and who ſtrongly Beſpeaks its Own antiquity.

Men, in their Hearts, Deſpiſes for their Forwardneſs Them women which they moſt compliment.

Women's eyes frequently runs Away with their Underſtandings.

If every One was to offend in the inſtance moſt ſuited to his inclination, What a Scene of Horror would this world Become!

Affluence, and a Gay diſpoſition, tempts to libidinous pleaſures: Penury and a gloomy One, to Robbery, revenge, and murder.

The intervention and Character of a good Man Obviates many difficulties.

What Cannot he Effect? What force has His example? His love, his friendſhips is to be gloried in. Magnanimity and tenderneſs Is United in his Noble heart. Littleneſs of mind has no place in it. All who know him are ſtudious to commend theirſelves to his favourable opinion; they will be ſolicitous about what he Will think of them; and, ſuppreſſing Common Foibles before him, find their Hearts to Expand, and will not know how to be mean.

What is their in the Boaſted character of them which are Called Heroes, to the un-Oſtentatious merit of a Good man? In what a variety of Amiable Lights does ſuch a One Appear? In how Many ways is he a bleſſing and Joy to his Fellow-creatures?

A Worthy Man will Make it his ſtudy, as far as his power Reach, to raiſe the hearts of ſuch deſerving Perſons, as Inevitable calamities has made ſpiritleſs.

——*OR if Sion's Hill*
Delights thee more, and Siloa's Brook that flow'd
Faſt by the Oracle of God; I thence
Invoke thy Aid to my advent'rous Song,
That with no middle Flight intend to ſoar
Above the Aonian Mount, while it purſues
Things unattempted yet in Proſe or Rhime.
And chiefly Thou, O Spirit, that doſt preſer
Before all Temples, th'upright Heart and pure,
Inſtruct me, for Thou knows, Thou from the firſt
Waſt preſent, and with mighty Wings outſpread,
Dove-like ſat brooding on the vaſt Abyſs,
And made it pregnant: What in me is dark
Illumine, what is low raiſe and ſupport;
That to the Hight of this great Argument
I may aſſert eternal Providence,
And juſtify the Ways of God to Man.

If thou be he; but O how fall'n! how chang'd
From he, who in the happy Realms of Light
Cloth'd with tranſcendent Brightneſs did outſhine
Myriads though bright! If he which mutual League,
United Thoughts and Counſels, equal Hope
And Hazard in the glorious Enterprize,
Join'd with me once, now Miſeries have join'd
In equal Ruin: Into what Pit thou ſees
From what Height fall'n, ſo much the ſtronger prov'd
He with his Thunder; and 'till then who knew
The Force of thoſe dire Arms!

But what if he our Conqu'ror (who I now
Of Force believe almighty, ſince no leſs
Then ſuch could have o'erpower'd ſuch Force as ours)
Has left us this our Spirit and Strength entire
Strongly to ſuffer and ſupport our Pains,
That we may ſo ſuffice his vengeful Ire,
Or do him mightier Service as his Thralls
By Right of War, whate'er his Buſineſs be,
Here in the Heart of Hell to work in Fire,
Or do his Errands in the gloomy Deep;
What can it then avail, though yet we feel
Strength undiminiſhed, or eternal Being
To undergo eternal Puniſhment?
Whereto with ſpeedy Words th' Arch-Fiend reply'd.

Fall'n Cherub, to be weak is miſerable,
Doing or ſuffering: But of this be ſure,
To do ought good never will be our Taſk,
But ever to do ill our ſole Delight,
As being the contrary to his high Will
Who we reſiſt. If then his Providence
Out of our Evil ſeeks to bring forth Good,
Our Labor muſt be to pervert that End,
And out of Good ſtill to find Means of Evil;
Which oft-times may ſucceed, ſo as perhaps
Shall grieve him, if I fail not, and diſturb
His inmoſt Counſels from their deſtin'd Aim.

Sees thou yon dreary Plain, forlorn and wild
The Seat of Deſolation, void of Light,
Save what the Glimmering of theſe livid Flames
Caſt pale and dreadful? Thither let us tend
From off the Toſſing of theſe fiery Waves,
There reſt, if any Reſt can harbour there.

Forthwith

Forthwith upright he rears from off the Pool
His mighty Stature; on each Hand the Flames
Driv'n backward ſlopes their pointing Spires, and roll'd
In Billows, leave i'th' midſt a horrid Vale.

The Mind is his own Place, and in itſelf
Can make a Heav'n of Hell, a Hell of Heav'n.
What Matter where, If I be ſtill the ſame,
And what I ſhould be, all but leſs than him
Whom Thunder hath made greater?

They heard, and were abaſh'd, and up they ſprang
Upon the Wing, as when Men wont to watch
On Duty, ſleeping found by whom they dread,
Rouſe and beſtirs themſelves 'ere well awake.

Sole Partner, and ſole Part of all theſe Joys,
Dearer thyſelf then all; need muſt the Power
That made us, and for us this ample World,
Be infinitely good, and of his Good
As liberal and free as infinite;
That rais'd us from the Duſt and plac'd us here
In all this Happineſs, who at his Hand
Have Nothing merited, nor can perform
Ought whereof he hath Need, he who requires
From us no other Service than to keep
This one, this eaſy Charge, of all the Trees
In Paradiſe that bears delicious Fruit
So various, not to taſte that only Tree
Of Knowledge, planted by the Tree of Life;
So near grows Death to Life, whate'er Death is,
Some dreadful Thing no Doubt; for well thou knows
God hath pronounc'd it Death to taſte that Tree,
The only Sign of our Obedience left
Among ſo many Signs of Pow'r and Rule

Con-

Conferr'd upon us, and Dominion giv'n
Over all other Creatures that poſſeſs
Earth, Air, and Sea. Then let us not think hard
One eaſy Prohibition, who enjoys
Free Leave ſo large to all Things elſe, and Choice
Unlimited of manifold Delights:
But let us ever praiſe him, and extol
His Bounty, following our delightful Taſk
To prune theſe growing Plants, and tend theſe Flowers,
Which, were it toilſome, yet with thee were ſweet.

To whom thus Eve reply'd. O thou for whom
And from whom I was form'd Fleſh of thy Fleſh,
And without whom is to no End, my Guide
And Head, what thou haſt ſaid are juſt and right.
For we to him indeed all Praiſes owe,
And daily Thanks; I chiefly, who enjoy
So far the happier Lot, enjoying thee
Præ-eminent by ſo much Odds, while thou
Like Conſort to thyſelf can no where find.
That Day I oft remember, when from Sleep
I firſt awoke, and found myſelf repos'd
Under a Shade on Flow'rs, much wond'ring where
And what I was, whence thither brought, and how.
Not diſtant far from thence a murm'ring Sound
Of Waters iſſued from a Cave, and ſpread
Into a liquid Plain, then ſtood unmov'd
Pure as th' Expanſe of Heav'n; I thither went
With unexperienc'd Thought, and laid me down
On the green Bank, to look into the clear
Smooth Lake, that ſeem'd to me another Sky.
As I bent down to look, juſt oppoſite
A Shape within the wat'ry Gleam appear'd,
Bending to look on me: I ſtarted back,
It ſtarted back; but pleas'd I ſoon return'd,

Pleas'd

Pleas'd it return'd as ſoon with anſw'ring Looks
Of Sympathy and Love: There I had fix'd
Mine Eyes 'till now, and pin'd with vain Deſire,
Had not a Voice thus warn'd me, What thou ſeeſt,
What there thou ſees, fair Creature, is thyſelf;
With thee it came and goes: but follow me,
And I will bring the where no Shadow ſtay
Thy coming, and thy ſoft Embraces, he
Whoſe Image thou art; he thou ſhall enjoy
Inſeparably thine, to him ſhall bear
Multitudes like thyſelf, and thence be call'd
Mother of human Race. What could I do,
But follow ſtrait, inviſibly thus led?
'Till I eſpy'd thee, fair indeed and tall,
Under a Plantan; yet methought leſs fair,
Leſs winning ſoft, leſs amiably mild,
Than that ſmooth wat'ry Image: Back I turn'd;
Thou following, cryd aloud, Return, fair Eve,
Whom flies thou? who thou flies, of him thou art,
His Fleſh, his Bone; to give thee be'ing I lent
Out of my Side to thee, neareſt my Heart,
Subſtantial Life, to have thee by my Side
Henchforth an individual Solace dear;
Part of my Soul I ſeek, and thee claim
My other Half. With that thy gentle Hand
Seiz'd mine; I yielded, and from that Time ſee
How Beauty is excell'd by manly Grace
And Wiſdom, which alone is truly fair.

So ſpake our general Mother, and with Eyes
Of conjugal Attraction unreprov'd,
And meek Surrender, half embracing lean'd
On our firſt Father.

Aſide

——— Aſide the Devil turn'd
For Envy, yet with jealous Leer malign
Ey'd them aſkance, and to himſelf thus plain'd.

Sight hateful, Sight tormenting! thus theſe two
Imparadis'd in one another's Arms,
The happier Eden, ſhall enjoy their Fill
Of Bliſs on Bliſs; while I to Hell am thruſt,
Where neither Joy nor Love, but fierce Deſire,
Among our other Torments not the leaſt,
Still unfulfill'd with Pain of Longing pine.

So ſaying, his proud Step he ſcornful turn'd,
But with ſly Circumſpection, and began
Through Wood, through Waſte, o'er Hill, o'er Dale, his Roam,
Mean while in utmoſt Longitude, where Heav'n
With Earth and Ocean meet, the ſetting Sun
Slowly deſcended, and with right Aſpect
Againſt the eaſtern Gate of Paradiſe
Level'd his evening Rays: It was a Rock
Of Alabaſter, pil'd up to the Clouds,
Conſpicuous far, winding with one Aſcent
Acceſſible from Earth, one Entrance high;
The reſt were craggy Cliff, that overhang
Still as it roſe, impoſſible to climb.

LETTERS.

LETTER I.

From Maſter Willmot to Miſs Elizabeth Willmot.

Dear Siſter,

I Write in Compliance with your Requeſt, and becauſe I love to talk to your Eyes, though I cannot to your Ears. Yet what ſhall I ſay? My *Latin* and *Greek* Taſks, and my dirty, rude Companions, affords but few Ideas fit to entertain a young Lady juſt fifteen; a young Lady too, which, I obſerved in the Holidays, began to conſult her Glaſs with a good Deal of Attention. Forgive, dear *Betſy*, this Remark; but I owed it you from your ſpightful Banter, as ſoon as you returned from School, on the clumſy Swing of my Arms, and the Bumpkin Cock of my Hat; and to let you know my Weakneſs, I was half angry with you, and thought leſs Wit and more Affection would have pleaſed me better from my deareſt Siſter, after an Abſence of ſeven Months. However, you afterwards made me large Amends by the Kindneſs of your whole Behaviour while I was at home. Yet, dear *Betſy*, tell me, if you can, what other Reaſon are there beſides Cuſtom, why a Girl of fifteen ſhould be treated as a

Woman, when a Boy of the ſame Age is eſteemed a fit Companion for none but his Schoolfellows? Does not this Partiality, to bright and lively Minds, like my Siſter's, make up for the Want of a learned Education; a Want which I have heard you complain of? Tell me ſincerely, did you envy my Situation, when I was writing my Theme, while you went with your Mamma to buy Silk for a new Robe to wear at the Ball; or when I was puzzling myſelf with writing *Latin* Verſes, while Mrs *Du Pin* was trying it on? I remember you bluſhed Thanks, when ſhe ſaid the Colour ſuited the Fairneſs of your Complexion. With ſuch Charms, with ſuch Accompliſhments, and ſo eaſy, ſo genteel and engaging an Addreſs, Learning would be of ſmall Advantage, ſince without it you appear really the Woman; while I, though but a little younger then you, cannot ape the Man, without rendering myſelf ridiculous by my Affectation. I hope you will excuſe the Freedom of this Letter, ſince I have no other Motive for writing it then to provoke an Anſwer.

I am, dear Siſter, yours, &c.

LET-

LETTER II.

The Anſwer.

Dear Sir,

FOR I find you expect to be treated like a Man, could you find no Body to ridicule but your Siſter? What have you to do this half Dozen Years with our Glaſſes, Robes, or Complexions? Though you charge me with Vanity, I can very ſincerely aſſure you, that I have often lamented the Inſignificance of myſelf, when I have heard my Papa launch out in Praiſe of his Son's Learning. You ſeem, indeed to have a mean Opinion of our Sex, at leaſt of your Siſter; and to have entertained a Belief that we are incapable of Learning, and have Capacities only for Dreſs, for Trifling and Impertinence: But I aſſure you that my Perſon is not of ſuch Importance to myſelf as you imagine; and, as to my Mind, if you will give yourſelf the Trouble to be my Inſtructor, I will thankfully accept of any Improvement you will give me; and will do my beſt to convince you, that your Advantages, as a Boy, is merely accidental. Did Miſs *Carter* fall ſhort of any of her Brothers in Learning? Or does Madam *Dacier*'s Works, Mrs *Cockburn*'s, Lady *M. W. Montague*'s, or Mrs *Macauly*'s, proclaim any of that incorrigible Ignorance the Gentlemen lays to our Charge? Give us but your Opportunities, and then find Fault with the ſilly Creatures, if there are not a Coxcomb for every Coquette, and a Blockhead for every pretty

Dunce

Dunce among us. But I muſt have done, in order to finiſh your Neckcloths, which is to be ſent to you next Week; an Office I ſhould probably think beneath me, if *Cicero*, *Seneca*, *Terence*, and other great Men had been this Morning my intimate Companions.------This Thought makes my Indignation a little ſubſide, and I begin to be of Opinion, that if the Women was to be univerſally learned, the Gentlemen muſt be taught domeſtic Management. However, allow us but to be reaſonable Creatures, and converſe with me as ſuch; and notwithſtanding all I have ſaid, I will be content, not only to make your Neckcloths, or embroider your Waiſtcoat, but will rejoice that it is any Way in my Power to be uſeful, or to give Pleaſure to a Brother who is entirely dear, as mine is to me.

Moſt affectionate Siſter.

F I N I S.

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